

southern half of it is so doited with islands and its water is so shallow as to make it about impossible to get much of a racing stretch there. But, dividing it near the centre, there used to run a pontoon bridge, and now an earthen road keeps up the old turnpike over which Dan Webster perhaps often rode to circuit, between Worcester two miles west, and Boston, forty-two east. That part of the lake to the north was that which has become so famous in late and modern tradition, and the most event of its sort that once in each century took place on the little opening of the bridge, each bearing six stout bears, and sped swiftly away up the west side of the lake. The event was a grand spectacle, it is not singular if the thrill that touched each power as the magnitude of friends there